BOWSER'S DAY OFF

Diary Taken From His Pocket Tells One Story.

NOT WHAT HE TOLD AT HOME.

Sights and Drinks of Gay Old Boys' Club on the River—Thinks He Fooled His Wife, but She Holds the Secret All the Same.

By M. QUAD.

THE other morning just as the first faint streaks of daylight were showing in the east Mrs. Bowser was awakened and called downstairs by a vigorous ring at the bell. She went down to find a policeman and Mr. Bowser at the door. The policeman could speak English. Mr. Bowser couldn't. The policeman said:

"Found him down by the river, ma'am, and as I happened to know him I brought him home. As near as I can make out he has been on a steamboat excursion and had too much ginger ale to drink."

"Yes, and he went with a club called the Gay Old Boys yesterday. I thank you very much."

"Oh, don't mention it, ma'am."

Mr. Bowser was led into the sitting room and laid on the lounge. He was very quiet and reserved. In fact, he did no talking at all. After trying for five minutes he got a memorandum book out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Bowser and fell asleep and began to snore next minute. She put a pillow under his head, removed his shoes and then sat down to read, as follows:

BOWSER'S VIEW OF HOG ISLAND.

"Gay Old Boys going to have a steamboat excursion, and I shall go along.

"Have talked the matter over with Mrs. B., and she agrees that a day off will do me worlds of good. Wanted her to come along, but she said she was no gay old gal.

"Was at the wharf at 9 o'clock this morning. Most of the Gay Old Boys present.

"Ginger ale before we started. Object, to give us ginger.

"Beautiful steamboat, beautiful water, beautiful day. We haven't gone a hundred rods yet, but I feel a year younger. This is what I have needed—a day off. Some ginger ale. Object, to add to the ginger of the occasion.

Lemonade.

"We are now passing Hog Island. Beautiful island. Mrs. B. would appreciate it. Hog ought to be proud to have an island named after him. Feel two years younger. Feel like whooping. All the Old Boys drinking lemonade. Object, to get the twang.

"Just passed Lonely island. It is sad to meet with a lonely island and know that you can't help the case. Some philanthropist should buy other islands and plant them around Lonely.

"Have just sung a song for the Gay Old Boys. It was entitled 'The Old Oaken Bucket.' Carried us all back to our childhood days. Applause tremendous. Wish Mrs. B. could have heard it. She thinks I'm no singer. Spruce beer to clear our throats.

"We are now passing Cat island. Beautiful island. I feel three years younger. Named after cats, I suppose, but I'm not worrying about it.

"Have just discovered that my scarfpin is gone. The captain of the boat may have picked it off, but I'm not going to say anything about it. He's a man with a large family and a small salary and needs all the scarfpins he can acquire.

"Beautiful day. Water limpid. Ozone delightful. Some more spruce beer.

"One of the Gay Old Boys has just made a speech. Very funny. Haven't laughed so much in ten years. Wish Mrs. B. could see me laughing. Feel four years younger. It's like a trip to Europe. We have just had another lemonade all around. The twang is delightful.

"We are approaching Skedunk island, our destination. Sits like a gem in the sea. One of the Gay Old Boys has just knocked my hat overboard, but nothing can mar the harmony of the occasion. Feel five years younger.

"Landed on the island. Ideal spot. Gay Old Boys feel like a lot of colts. Wish Mrs. B. could see me turning cart wheels. Luncheon and ginger ale. Have lent one of the club $20 to pay his pew rent. Feel good. Feel liberal. Shan't say anything to Mrs. B. about lending the money. She is not liberal.

Hammer Throwing.

"Foot races, wrestling, boxing and throwing the hammer. Then we disport ourselves in the briny deep. Feel all of ten years younger. My disporting was greeted with loud and long continued applause.

"While I was disporting some one ashore took my watch. Probably some Gay Old Boy did it for a joke. Shan't say anything to Mrs. B. about it until I know. She always worries about such things.

"On ceasing to disport in the briny had some elderberry wine. Brought back the days of my childhood when mother used to make it. If elderberry wine wasn't good for folks mothers wouldn't make it.

"Had misunderstanding with Gay Old Boy about something, and we closed in a tempestuous struggle. No damage, however, and we kissed and made up. Think it was lemonade this time.

"None of the other Gay Old Boys is keeping a diary of the trip to show to the wife. This shows how much I appreciate Mrs. B.

"Have just made a speech to the assembled multitude. Can't say what it was about, but it was a corker. It fetched 'em. Tu-mul-tuous applause. Cries of hurrah for Bowser. Wish the speech could have been taken down to read to Mrs. B. She thinks I'm no speechist.

"It was moved and seconded and unanimously passed that old Bowser was one of the gayest of the Old Boys. Mrs. B. ought to know what kind of a husband she's got. There are times when she doesn't seem to appreciate me. Ginger ale this time.

"While engaged in the game of throwing the hammer I threw it half a mile and knocked two men down. Tem-pestuous applause and no great damage done. Wish Mrs. B. could have seen that throw. She thinks I'm no throwist. Elderberry wine to celebrate the feat. Made me think of my mother.

Homeward Bound With a Head.

"We are on the voyage home. Home is a blessed word, and yet somehow I don't care to go home—that is, not this eve."

"Just sung 'nother song for Gay Old Boys. It was either 'The Sweet By and By' or 'Annie Rooney,' but whichever it was it went with a bang. In their mad enthusiasm the crowd threw me down and took my ring and purse. Little too much enthusiasm, but let's have a good time. I will have to tell Mrs. B. something or other, but she's an unsuspicious, innocent soul.

"Just grounded on a sand bar. That called for the lemonade.

"Just got off. That called for ginger ale.

"We are drawing near home. Most of us have been asleep for the last two hours. A day to be remembered. May also be a night to be remembered.

"Mrs. Bowser will go to bed about ten. If I don't get home until midnight she ought to be sound asleep. New cider from harvest apples this time.

"Steamer at wharf. Gay Old Boys bidding each other goodby. Elderberry wine all gone. City seems all turned around and on wrong side of river. City seems standing on its head. If Mrs. B. has only gone to bed and I can get upstairs without waking her"—

Mrs. Bowser laid the little book aside.

That was the last entry, and Bowser was sleeping like a lamb. The look on his face was trusting and innocent. No, she could not take his life. She brought a shawl to throw over him, removed his collar and tie and then returned the diary to his pocket. The house was kept quiet until midafternoon. Then Mr. Bowser awoke and said:

"The steamer was late, and I didn't want to wake you up."

"No? Have a good time?"

"Naw! Stupidest time you ever saw."

And he will keep right on thinking he fooled her.

One Better.

"When I was a young girl," titters the first old lady, "one of my beaus hugged me so hard he broke one of my ribs."

"Humph!" replies the second old lady, adjusting her glasses and smoothing back her hair in conscious pride. "When I was a young girl one of my beaus hugged me so hard he broke one of his arms."—Life.

Bargain Rates.

Howell—Does your wife care anything about baseball?

Powell—She never did until one day when she heard me say that they were going to play two games for one admission.—Judge.

An Alluring Prospect.

"So you are going to leave your flat and run a furnace in your own house."

"Yes. It'll be some trouble. But think of the glory of being looked up to as if you were the janitor."—Washington Star.

Failed.

Friend—So your great Russian actor was a total failure?

Manager—Yes. It took all our profits to pay for running the electric light sign with his name on it.—Puck.

Keep Lookin'.

You got ter travel in de rock an' wan',
Kaze dey ain't no railroad ter de glory lan'.
An' all can't be leaders of de brass drum ban'.
So watch how you gwine, believers!

You can't find apples on every bough.
You can't dodge lightnin', kaze you dunno how.
So don't go growlin, don't you raise no row,
An' watch how you gwine, believers!
—Atlanta Constitution

JONATHAN'S EMANCIPATION.

His Sister-in-law Helped, and the Widow Helped Too.

By HELEN T. QUIGG.

Jerusha Amanda Dibbs was his brother's wife and had asserted and maintained her authority over both his brother and himself ever since she had become a member of the family. All morning he had been wondering uneasily for whom the storm was brewing, and, as her husband had got out of the house unscathed, he feared that he was in for it. He was standing by the window now, looking out aimlessly, wishing that it were over and yet not daring to avoid it, and when she entered the room in which he stood, clearing her throat emphatically, he turned toward her with a shiver of apprehension. He was a stout man, with an air of mild indecision about him; about his soft, sandy hair; about his broad, rounded shoulders; about even his easy, grayish lace sack coat.

"It's pretty capers you've been cutting around that Jennet widow," she said.

Jonathan looked, it must be confessed, not only surprised, but worried. "I hope I have not made any trouble for her," he said doubtfully.

"It's absurd, positively absurd," continued Mrs. Dibbs, flopping into a chair. "The idea of marrying that silly little fool, without a cent to her name, and at your age too."

Her brother-in-law had not really had an intention of any sort in regard to the widow. Indeed, he had never had a decided intention in regard to anything since Mrs. Dibbs had taken possession. Nevertheless he felt mildly indignant enough to make a faint retort. "I am sure, Amanda, you were not much younger when you married Lucien," said he in his quiet way.

The curling pins in which Mrs. Dibbs' front locks were confined bristled with anger.

"I should like to know," she began in a deep, ominous voice, "what business that is of yours. And you know well enough, Jonathan Dibbs, that when I married your brother I was not nearly as old as you are. But anyhow"—her tone had become loud and resonant—"anyhow I never was such a childish simpleton as you are and always will be to the end of your days—to be fooled and taken in by a designing, no account little creature that's been fishing for a husband ever since that poor invalid man of hers died, worried to death by her flightiness, I'll warrant! That's a pretty thing to happen to a man like you, isn't it?" Here Mrs. Dibbs choked, and Jonathan took advantage of the momentary check in her assault to inquire, "Who told you I was going to marry her, Amanda?"

"Who told me?" she burst out. "Who told me? Why, hasn't the little fool herself been telling it all around the town that you wanted to marry her and," in a high, simpering falsetto, "that she didn't know whether she ought to think of it or not, but that Mr. Dibbs was such a nice man and such a friend of her poor, dear Arthur and she would hate to disappoint him? Oh, the idiot!"

Jonathan Dibbs looked thoughtful. Suddenly the figure of the widow in question appeared before his mind's eye. It was a neat, retiring little figure, with soft brown hair and a small face, slightly sunburned, but sweet and tender, and with an individuality of its own that only a patient, conscientious life could have given it. He compared it with the large, obtrusive face and figure of his sister-in-law, and gradually he began to smile. A sudden sense of relief came to him in the contemplation of the little widow and a strange, unusual sense of pleasure, the joy of the awakening of a desire and a will in him which he had never before suspected.

"I guess the little woman really did think I wanted to marry her," he remarked pleasantly.

"Of course she did," replied Mrs. Dibbs smartly in her loud, scornful voice, not noting the change in her victim's attitude toward her. "Of course she did, the conceited little piece."

"I wouldn't be absurd if I were you, Amanda," said Jonathan Dibbs. "It doesn't suit your size." He had skopen very slowly and smoothly, but he grasped a little now that he had achieved this crude but radical assertion of his freedom. He had reason to grasp.

"What! You dare! You dare!" She stood before him glaring, and his unaccountable inclination to laugh at her frightened him more than her passion did. "You dare!" she shouted. "You—you brute! I knew that little fool had you in her clutches. I knew it. Did she tell you to say that? I might have known she would bring you to forget all honor and truth and duty. Don't you dare bring her to this house, you brute! Size, indeed! She isn't the size of a fence rail. That's your idea of beauty, I suppose. Just you dare to marry her!"

Jonathan Dibbs, though his heart quaked within him, walked boldly past her to the door. There he turned. "I may send you an invitation to the wedding if she cares to have you come. Anyhow I'll send you an announcement. Say goodby to Lucien for me, will you? Poor Lucien!" He grinned happily into her blazing eyes and, shutting the door with a bang as he went through the house, strode out into the street.

Mrs. Dibbs sank into a chair and after repeating several times the speeches with which she had benefited her brother-in-law indulged in a fit of hysterics, to the vast amusement of the poll parrot and the kitchen maid.

Jonathan, however, though he was experiencing a faint, rather contemptuous pity for his brother, strode along gayly, as he had never done before.

"What a fool—what a fool I used to be!" he thought. "What a fool a man is anyhow to let a woman ride over him at her own sweet will! And to think that I stood it for twelve years and never thought of breaking away! It must have been the widow, bless her heart!" Here he smiled to himself sentimentally and wondered how she would take it, the "it" in question being the plan he was going to propose to her.

He flung the gate of the little yard wide open and walked quickly along the path by the side of the house. The widow was on the porch ironing out some lace when he approached, and she looked up with face aglow when she perceived who it was. He lost no time in announcing the object of his visit. He took her hands in his and looked into her wide eyes. "Lillian," he said, "there is a train that leaves here for the city in forty minutes. I want you to get ready and go with me on that train if you can do it in so short a time."

The widow flushed and paled.

"What for?" she asked.

"Why, to get married, of course," he said, surprised that she did not know. There was a silence, and when his arm stole around her, "Hurry up!" in a low voice and a tone whose anxiety did not refer to catching the train.

"I didn't know," she began slowly—"I didn't know we meant to get married. But if you wish it very much—oh, dear!" She hid her face suddenly in his coat.

"Now go," he said after a little, "because we want to catch that train. And wear that blue thing you have with the white spots—you know."

She smiled tremuously. No one had ever noticed her clothes before, and she had always half worshiped him anyhow, and now she was very much confused and very happy.

They managed to catch the train by means of a little running for it, and they rode gayly and breathlessly away from home toward the city. She stole a look at his beaming face and after awhile gathered courage to speak.

"Jonathan," she said softly, "how did I—what did I do to make you think of this? I never hoped"—

He laughed. "Call me Jack," he said with a blush. They used to call him Jack when he was a big, slow, good natured schoolboy. "And what you did was to make a man of me, that is all," he continued. Then after awhile he laughed again. "We have my sister-in-law to thank for some of this," he remarked slowly, "but," he turned to her and spoke with sudden emphasis—"but you must not let it grieve you if we never have a chance to express our gratitude."

A "Sure Thing" Poet.

Poets as a rule are not good business men, but an exception is one of a little group of young writers and artists who dine every evening together and talk shop. The poet very often reads the verses he has composed, and sometimes the comments are not exactly flattering. "That's rotten!" exclaimed an artist on hearing one of these effusions recently.

"I'll bet you $5 I can sell it to a magazine," replied the poet.

The wager was made, and the artist lost. Since that the poet has made several similar bets with his scoffing friends and has won them all. He was chuckling over it to an outsider the other day. "You must have wonderful confidence in the merit of your work," said the rank outsider.

"Confidence nothing," laughed the poet. "I couldn't lose. I never read a poem to those fellows until I have first sold it."—New York Sun.

Caring For Eyeglasses.

Most people seem to think that glasses will stand any sort of treatment, and yank and pull at them until they go to the repair shop with alarming frequency. Glasses should never be taken off with one hand; an optician advises that they be carefully grasped by the rims of the lenses on both sides and removed by pushing upward. Pulling at one side of spectacles bends the frame; with noseglasses it loosens the screw, and the lens shakes continually. Sometimes this happens in spite of care, and then it is well to purchase one of the tiny screwdrivers used by opticians and tighten them whenever necessary. Clean your glasses with some soft material—a common piece of tissue paper is better than any medium yet invented—and occasionally give them a bath in warm water into which a little ammonia has been dropped.

Elizabeth's Reform.

Queen Elizabeth in the last year of her reign was much concerned as to the expenses of the royal household. According to a document in the public record office, she ordered a comparison to be made between the expenditure incurred in the third and the forty-third years of her reign, when "yt was found that in bread, beare, wyne, wood, coles, wax lights, torches, tallow lights and meetes and other allowances of incidents, necessaries, carriages and wages £12,000 ($20,000) per annum at least more was spent and no sufficient warrant for the increase. The queene's majestie being informed of this difference said: 'I will not suffer this dishonorable spodle and increase that no prince ever before me did. But my speedie order for reformacion shall satisfy my loving subjects, for I will end as I begaune with my subjects' love.'"

Japanese Women Make Good Tea.

Many American women wonder why it is that Japanese women make such good tea, and the manner in which they go about the operation. When the Japanese woman makes tea the foreign spectator is impressed, not only with the extra sensitiveness of her hands, but also with the evident delicacy of her senses of sight and smell. The secret of the tea lies in the proper fusion.

The variety of the tea is a matter of individual taste. The high priced teas are not always the best. A poor tea properly made is better than a good tea badly made. A woman in buying tea should find out whether it is from an early or late picking, its name at home, how it is cured, and then insist on getting the same tea each time a purchase is made. Tea leaves subjected to different processes of curing require different methods to obtain the best beverages. There are two broad rules to follow and several minor ones.

Black tea requires boiling water, and green tea does not. Black tea requires fresh water poured on the leaves when it has just come to a decided boil. Hot water that has boiled a long time and has lost its life will not make a good tea. It should stand from three to seven minutes, and only in a porcelain pot. Then all the liquid should be poured off. In other words pour only as many cup fulls into the pot as you wish to serve at once.

Hot water standing on tea leaves draws out the tannin, according to the Japanese women, and this is the main thing to be avoided. For second cups pour boiling water on the leaves already used. When making a green tea the thing to bear in mind is that an oily beverage is desired. Water beyond 150 degrees Fahrenheit tends to destroy the flavor and the aroma by driving off the volatile oil.

Allow hot water to stand in the cup to be served in order that they may be thoroughly heated. Pour fresh hot water cooled to such an extent that the finger can be placed in it, over the green leaves and let it stand in a porcelain pot for two minutes and a half. Then pour a little into each cup, and then a little more, and so on. This makes each cup of like quality. No sugar or milk is needed if the water is of the proper temperature. Japanese tea made in this manner should have a greenish amber color, with a true tea bush aroma and an oily taste.

Treatment of a Nervous Child.

Nervous children have preferences and strong dislikes, and eat little and very hastily. In these days of hurry, worry and general strenuousness, nervous children are becoming a rule instead of an exception, and in nothing does this condition manifest itself as much as during the meal time. These tendencies should be overcome by the supplying of suitable food and insisting on its being eat slowly.

Meat but four times a week and then but once a day, is advisable. Too much beef should be avoided, and eggs and milk should be given freely the latter "coddled" or quit raw. Beaten up with sugar alone or with sugar and a teaspoonful of lemon juice, or with sugar and a small amount of salt and poured into a good sized cupful of warm milk an egg makes quite a meal. Sweetened chocolate is good when served with milk to a nervous child.

Whipped cream can often be substituted for milk, when the children are fond of it. When children have to be coaxed and bribed to eat anything—as is often the case—there are all sorts of ways and means. Catering of this sort and serving meals in this way takes time, thought and infinite, loving patience; but it is possible, proves satisfactory and pays in the end.

A Man of Iron Nerve.

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